

THE HERALD'S PAGE FOR THE IDEAL WOMAN

EDITED BY
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"THE IDEAL WOMAN"—DOES SHE EXIST?

At the Request of the Regular Woman Editor This Page for This Issue Only Is Edited By a Man. At His Request Several of His Masculine Acquaintances in Washington Have Written a Description of Their "Ideal Woman." The Letters Are Printed Just as Received:

ONE MAN THAT DOESN'T LOOK FOR UNATTAINABLE

Ideal wives, according to experts, are about as rare as ideal husbands, and should be endowed with many virtues such as a healthy boy, a true heart and a sensible mind. They should know the value of money and never search their husbands' pockets. They get up before breakfast and never sit down to the breakfast table in their kimono and their hair done up in curling papers. An ideal wife is fond of the open air and joins her husband in his pastimes, such as riding, driving, tennis, walking or golfing. She loves horses and dogs, and music and flowers and children. She dresses with taste and style, retaining for herself and dress a distinct personality. She is gentle and gentle and ever considerate of others. She can sit down and trim a hat and make a little waist for herself in an emergency, and knows the difference between an onion and an egg, and knows how to prepare a cup of coffee. She speaks of her parents as if they really were worth while and is not ashamed to call her mother "Mother" and her father "Father." The ideal wife is a good companion to her husband and is able to take a man's views of things and can discuss with him and others the trend of the times. She does not worship at the shrine of "Dame Fashion" exclusively and yet

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knows how to look attractive at all times, and dress stylishly without driving her husband to strong drink or into the bankruptcy courts. She has an aim in life which will make for the promotion of her husband's interests and happiness and her own joy and satisfaction. She is a brunette, has lots of character in her face (beauty not essential), and has brown or Irish gray-blue eyes and is inclined to be slender. If she possesses all the foregoing virtues it matters little how wealthy she may be or how many summers have been omitted in her diary of years.

DECLARES DREAM WOMAN LIVES ONLY IN DREAMS

To describe my ideal woman adequately, to describe her so that others shall see her with my eyes, is a task that would tax the descriptive powers of Dickens. With many other men in general, I believe, I have had a hazy conception of what the one woman should be, but never have tried to form my pleasant fancies into a concrete whole. Also, with the passage of each day something new has transpired in my life that has altered my conception of the ideal—has made me demand more or feel that already I had demanded more than I was worthy of. In other words, my ideal lives only in my dreams, and her ideal consists of my hazy, indistinct being which allows of alterations to suit any and all of my whims and fancies.

As near as the woman of dreams can be reduced to a concrete subject, she must have a wealth of understanding and sympathy—the first that she may see behind the screen that every man puts forward as a barrier between his inner self and the world, the second that she may have so large a nature that in the realization of my motives she can condense my vagaries and have patience with my shortcomings; can appreciate my efforts and by the subtle influence which only the ideal woman can exert, direct my thoughts and communications to better and higher things. My ideal must, above all things, be a companion, one whose pleasures are my pleasures and whose troubles and worries are likewise shared with me. She must have dignity and poise, intellect and an abiding faith in the justice of Him who lays out our daily existences and to a greater or lesser degree confronts us with the problems which some times make us question His justice.

There is a lot more that I might say of this woman of dreams—she should be physically perfect, with eyes in whose depths one might read the secrets of a clean white soul at peace with the use of things and capable of constancy—she is another great essential—constancy, but then my ideal lives in dreams, I can demand much of her—and my fancy supplies all demands.

HE HAS ONE AND SAYS THAT'S ENOUGH

"Go on, I'm married. Mine is an ideal wife, and if she wasn't I wouldn't dare say so." And the thin-thatched benedict smiled, showing his teeth on which side his beard was buttoned. Pressed a bit more, he continued:

"Well, I dislike a sloppy woman—one that doesn't button or hook her dress and let her hair go where it will. I dislike the crabby woman—the gossip who, like a tickle, picks people to pieces. Then the woman that talks about her clothes, her hats, and her confound makes me tired. Great guns! But I'm treading on dangerous ground when I commence to talk about any woman, even in a general way, except my own. But the woman who is attractive to me, the one I like to have visit my home, is the one with a generous mouth, and, in fact, whose whole figure is generous, as far as the physical attractions go. Add to that a sweet voice, a chic but not precise appearance, a little vivacity, a brain that is used and not stored away for company, the power to laugh and not gag, but shake, what's the use of talking? They can all fool a man, especially if by some mistake they get up a good dinner, or at least see that a decent one is put on the table. Anyway, I'm married, and glad of it."

THIS IDEAL IS ONE HARD TO CLASSIFY

There is no such thing as an ideal. When younger I used to create a mind woman that filled every desire. With the advancing years the psychology of desire enters into my likes. And now often find a woman absolutely devoid of a perfect feature of face or an elementary requisite of form, so far as artistic standards go, who seems my ideal. But if I could find my soul's ideal she would be like this:

Some one in whom the spiritual and artistic had grown up and merged with the physical.

Some one buoyant in health, but entirely feminine.

Some one who could go down the years with me, and in whom I could find every day an hidden spring of interest.

Some one who, after speaking, would leave the subject entirely exhausted.

Some one with whom I could find an entire community of interests.

And, finally, some one who would be as good as the best, but as alluring as the worst.

Of course, there are none like this. If there was, buoyed up with an eternal hope, I would go on dreaming that I might find her, and if I never did, find great joy in my dreams.

THERE'S HOPE FOR THIS ONE IF HE KEEPS LOOKING

Beldom among women one finds the character of the bon vivant combined with capacity for devotion. The ideal wife, the companion I would choose for the hazardous chances of life, would be able to adapt herself to every change of circumstances and come with the never failing good humor of a gamster. She must appreciate the best promptings of art and the fitness of active intellects. Familiar generally with the aims of science and systems, I yet would have her free from the stultification of belief and certain convictions.

She would be a fatalist, meeting the inevitable with a smile. She would preserve her rest in living into whatever position fate or folly should bring us, and share with me an unflinching entertainment in each part of the motley play in which we were constrained to be actors.

In short, a little Bohemia, tasteful and cultured, complex my ideal. I know

DRAWN HIS DREAM WOMAN.



Declares Picture Shows His Ideal Better Than Words.

she is somewhere to be found, and when I find her it will be she, I, and the Game, JUST OUT OF COLLAGE.

NO IDEAL FOR HIM; JUST A GOOD PAL

An ideal is a nebulous sort of thing, clad in an ethereal halo, and set up on a pedestal, the foundation stones of which are virtue and beauty.

At some time or other in his life, every man pictures to himself an ideal, usually in the spring. Ideas shiver up and die under the hot rays of matrimony, however.

Castles in Spain and ideals are about on the same level. Every man hopes that some time he will be able to beg for himself his ideal woman, and usually goes about the task with a double-barreled bow full of candy arrows and a loveick smile.

I believe that no man, however, of his own conception forms an ideal. He sees the dream woman first, and then elevates her to the plane of the ethereal. Makes a religion of her, as we say.

My ideal is not some one with black hair, or light hair, or a delicately curved eyebrow, to which I could write sonnets; or a cupid's bow mouth. All these things are merely passing fancies. Beauty is skin deep, and no one wants to marry a skin.

There are plenty of skins in a taxidermist's shop that cost less than a wedding ring.

It is the pedestal, not what is on top of it that counts. Every man has at least two conceptions of an ideal in common with his fellows. She must be good, and she must be a good companion, one with whom he can go down the years of life, arm in arm; one who will stick through thick and thin, and come out smiling at the end. Just a good pal, that's all.

WANTS WOMANLY WOMAN, NOT A MERE BEAUTY

To form a conception of an ideal wife is an impossibility if the matter is considered with any degree of seriousness and intelligence. The qualities which we individually think such a creature should possess are abstract, and abstraction can certainly not be visualized.

Outward characteristics are obviously superficial and the man who attempts to describe his Utopian lady in terms of physical beauty has missed the meaning of love and has not caught the distinction between temporal and ephemeral and the spiritual and eternal.

Personality, and not physical attractiveness, is the keynote of marital happiness. It is impossible to visualize a personality, but we can enumerate the important and beatific attributes which the ideal spouse should have. If she possesses these qualities, when to us seem so imperative, then from her will emanate joy and radiance, regardless of whether she be blond or brunette, tall or short, stout or slender, blue eyed or brown eyed.

But what are these attributes? Each person has a different conception of them. To me the ideal wife is the one with a temperament as closely akin to that of her husband as possible. She must be interested in the things which he delights. She must know how to bear with the imperfections of human nature. She should possess an optimism sufficient to dispel the gloom of the Valley of the Shadow, through which the husband so often is forced to pass in his fight for existence.

She should have sufficient education to speak correct, grammatically, if not rhetorically, and to converse intelligently with her husband on those subjects in which he is interested. She must not be a vainly fairian, but must love the home life. She must not parade the streets in a white duck skirt and a dozen straw hats with that motley procession of female "monomaniacs," haw-

ling out "Votes for women," but should rather learn that the home is woman's sphere and that it is all she can do to perform her duties there properly. She should let her spouse handle the purse and the business part of the home as long as he shows his capability to do so judiciously.

If she is beautiful, the comradely feelings will be multiplied. If not, the happiness will not be diminished. Outward beauty is but a mask and the beauty of her soul will compensate for all unbecomings.

YOUTH, BEAUTY, BRAINS, AND DIMPLES WANTED

A maiden, nineteen or twenty years of age, aristocratic, proud in bearing, erect in carriage, would be my choice for a wife. My wife must be my ideal of womanhood. Necessarily she must have a high moral standard, be well educated, and in all ways fitted to be a loving companion and helpmate to a man. She must be kind, generous, thoughtful.

NICE FOR LITTLE MAID.



Simple little frocks that button at the front are always nice for a small girl, and we show in this model one of the cleverest of these designs. The dress can be made with long or short sleeves, and the chemise is removable. The blouse is perfectly plain, and the skirt is nicely pleated. There is a pretty sash, and the sleeves have chic, rolled up cuffs. Pique, linen, galatea, chambray, gingham, or percale may be employed for development.

The pattern, No. 5822, is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting goods.

The pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the Pattern Department of The Washington Herald.

For the Tailored Maid.

If you are obliged to wear your morning tailored suit and hat for afternoon, don't despair. Rather take heart of grace and provide yourself with a few little extra fixings. First of all there is the chiffon sash, consisting of a belt and two long ends, which may be worn either at the center or the left back of the skirt. This sash must be the same shade as the suit, and be finished at the sides with hemstitching, or at the ends with tiny tails of self material, and in fair weather it always looks smart. For the neck get a Pierrot ruffing ruff in plaited point d'esprit, shadow lace or tulle, and for your hat make a cockade of material matching the neckwear, unless you would rather make a "fancy" of silk flowers or from the odds and ends of ostrich plumes. Always of an afternoon in fair weather wear with your severe tailor-made suit some sort of corsage bouquet. You may make one of these of artificial violets, roses or gardenias, but the newest thing in bouquets is the Scotch thistle reproduced in green ribbon, violet silk fringe and white maline.

A prize worth \$1,000, offered by the Kaiser, will be awarded to the German maker of the best aeroplane motor in a competition which will last from October to January.

The large number of Chinese seen in the streets of Paris has become a matter of comment in French papers.

ful, and she must have the proper amount of regard for the welfare of her conditions below her own. She must have the qualifications requisite for a faithful mother, and must have strength of character enough so that after the marriage vows have been taken she will remain faithful, loving, and true to her husband and their children.

Preferably, but not necessarily, she must be a beauty. Medium height, high forehead, blond waving hair, large deep blue eyes, capped with medium-sized eyebrows matching the hair in color, would fill my ideal of womanly physical beauty. To all of these, however, the requisites of a shapely figure, well-rounded arms, with one or two dimples, very few freckles on the forehead, pretty, dainty hands with pink and white fingers, would be required to make my ideal a reality.

THIS LETTER AN IRRITANT TO ANY AMERICAN WOMAN

To be my ideal, a woman must have an ideal; and in the formation of that ideal I must needs, by every precept and heritage, exert the most influence of all the powers that affect her life.

This thing is instantly a primary question to be considered in making choice of a helmet: Age. The One Woman must have attained sufficient maturity of intelligence for the full understanding of the influences I should wish to play upon her; she must at the same time be youthfully impressionable and receptive, thus yielding wisely to my forceful but gentle sway.

With these qualities, and with the elements of a lively and engaging disposition—amiability, modesty, wit—the One Woman could readily be developed under a rule ever kind, but ever firm, into an affectionate and responsive lover, a faithful and congenial friend and companion, and, where need arose, a helpful and willing servant.

She must, of course, be comely. Her figure, high enough to avoid insignificance without shadowing her lord and master, must be straight, strong, slender, with only a suggestion of curves to make a dimple here and there, in appropriate places, and must be tidily frocked, and inclined graciously rather than painfully to the prevailing modes.

Her hair and eyes must be of becoming shades, her nose delicately beautiful of simple character and giving her face a healthful glow, and her mouth a bewitching mystery of laughter, passion and sorrow, her ears dainty and peeping shyly from a wave of hair, all attuned and ready sympathetically to my word of calisthenic or command, her complexion flawless in its apparent measure of health and cleanliness.

Her feet and hands must be patrician in their form, and faultless in their keeping.

Her voice, whether in laughter, song or speech, must be sweet and clear, her manner as rhythmic and spontaneous as a swallow's flight.

Such a woman, then, reasonably endowed, and with no other kinkamen of intellect, would be an ideal of a convenient, might be considered as my

LOOKS FOR ONE HE CAN BE AT EASE WITH

Some people like Venuses, others look on Sapphos with adoring eyes, others think all the world was made for women like Psyche; but I would make none of these my ideal of womanhood. I want neither perfect form nor perfect face, perfect eyes nor perfect hair. But what I do want is a good, homelike, witty, lively girl. One who knows when I am tired and keeps still, who knows when I feel good and becomes my companion, with whom I feel perfectly at ease. In a word, I am selfish, like all mankind, and want a woman who is my complement. With such a woman I could live always in perfect happiness. For such a woman I would give up much of my selfishness, merely to make her love me. With such a woman I could live.

LIKE LOOKING FOR A LOST TREASURE TROVE

She is, first, last, and all time, a woman. God's finest work and His strongest engine both for good and for evil. She is, moreover, an intensely human woman. She can live much and hate a little. She can mete out justice and more, and she can be cruelly unjust. She is by turns sweetly appealing and sternly domineering. She condemns and condones, discards and ignores, corrects and sanctions faults as an intuitive or instinctive tact directs. She is not afraid to advise nor injured if her advice be disregarded. She alternately spurs and restrains.

She is proud and humble, and wise to the man who calls her to the defense of her pride, and happy he before whom she dare be humble.

Her love is a delicious blending of the material and the spiritual, a blend which means protection and encouragement and comradeship. She was created for me, and I for her.

She gives all and expects all in return. She is my sympathy of happiness.

WANTS COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND MENTALITY

I am single, and therefore know little of the fair sex. I am poor, and therefore have never thought of marrying. I am sensible and therefore have never pictured an ideal.

But if I should become wealthy tomorrow and should decide to take unto myself a wife, the woman I would look for and choose would be my ideal.

And the woman I would look for would be hard to find. Of that I am sure, for I have never seen or heard of anything ever bearing a slight resemblance to her.

The first essential would be beauty. I am ugly as sin, and I should like to see my face in the mirror. She must be

It Will Be Noticed that the "Ideal Woman"

Varies in Every Answer, and It Is Apparent that "Mere Man" in Expressing His Views Is Not as Frank as the One Lone Benedict Who Had to Be Interviewed Before He Would Put Himself on Record.

attractive, possessing that indefinable something that fascinates.

But she must be as brilliant mentally as she is beautiful physically. Yet she must not be so brilliant that she could imagine herself superior to her husband.

I am uneducated, you know. My word must be the final word. She must be a sweetheart, a companion, and a wife all in one, and then she must possess those myriad qualities that go to make a good man.

She must be tactful, entertaining, broad, well-read, and informed, stylish, sensible, and with character. But above all things she must love me. She must not be content with a mere only affection and kindness, but she must love me. Understand?

JUST LOVED GIRL HE MET AND MARRIED HER

No man can describe his ideal with pen and ink so that others will see her as he sees her. Those attributes which go to make a man's ideal cannot be reduced to mere words. He feels her qualities, he knows them intimately, and he is content of them all the time, but he cannot explain them.

At least I find this true of myself, and I know it is true with the majority of my friends if they can see.

Birds and the lower animals choose their mates without knowing why. I believe this to be the case with the higher animal, the human, where the motives are more complex.

When a man loves a woman he finds himself drawn toward her by a vague something that he does not understand, and seldom tries to understand, in his happiness.

And a man falls in love with his ideal. At least I did. You know I can speak only for myself. The woman I love is my ideal. And I might add I am married to her.

RENOVATING SUMMER MILLINERY.

The midsummer season is fast arriving when it behooves all of us who are not in a situation to buy new millinery to renovate what we already have. The dust and the burning rays of the sun play havoc with light-colored straw and artificial flowers, and we all need a little darning up just now.

The midsummer fad of covering straw hats with a net lace, tulle, linen, silk or even velvet, is rapidly giving place to the more conservative and practical of covering hats with a white or light-colored material. It takes little skill in millinery to convert these old-fashioned hats into the latest thing in headgear. As it is only the covering of straw hats that is of the fashion that part of the straw may be covered and the rest left plain a clever girl can easily decide how to adapt the covering scheme to the hat in hand. For instance, if the crown of a white chip hat has been badly burned by the summer sun, over it goes a covering of material thick enough to hide the objectionable crown.

Taffeta, satin, moire or chiffon cloth are excellent for this purpose. If the hat is intended for dressy wear, linen, tulle or any of the fancy printed cottons would be the choice for a hat of a more practical type.

Covering with Vellin.

Fancy mesh veiling is used for stretching over straw hats, but this is of little service in hiding a discolored straw. When pleated lace is used, it is as effective as a charm in concealing straw that have become discolored.

A covered hat recently connected by a home milliner was of white chip, the crown and upper part of the brim having been discolored by the sun. The hat was covered with a white material, and the brim was still good the repairs were confined to the crown, upper brim and edge.

The bell crown was covered with rose colored mesh veiling. At the joining of crown and brim was a wreath of pink roses. The space from the crown to edge of the brim was covered with a plaiting of white net, put on with sufficient fullness to hide the discolored chip beneath. The mesh veiling was pulled over the discolored edge of the brim. As the maline was the only item of expense connected with the transformation of the hat the result was decidedly satisfactory from all viewpoints.

Ratine Also Used.

The same idea was carried out by another home milliner, who utilized pieces left over from a white ratine suit as a covering for a hat crown with a band and flat bow of the same material as a finish. Pieces left from a suit of pique, poplin or cotton corduroy can be used in making one of these smart fabric covered hats, which require little or no trimming.

Transparent materials of all kinds are equally modish for hat coverings and clever girls are hiding blemishes in last year's straw and chip hats by covering with shirred trimmings, lace frills or tiny plaiting of maline, chiffon cloth or marquisette. These trimmings may follow a straight and narrow path around the hat or they may wander over the brim and crown, and the result is almost any purpose and is both cheap and durable. It comes in all the attractive

Collars in Black and White.



The collar on the figure is made of black satin, finished with a frill of white lace and trimmed with white pearls. The collar is made of a wide band of a lacy and cuffs of striped black and white satin, with shaped borders of hand embroidery done in white on even linen.

The stock is made of white pique, combined with black and white and small buttons, covered with the same.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

These bursts of senseless extravagance to which even the most economical of women are subject.

The above expression, in a woman's periodical, seems to voice a recognized truth in relation to the sex. The most prudent of us have our occasional outbreaks, with some "bursts of extravagance" are chronic and they are reckless in expenditure at all times. It is not with the latter that we have to deal here, but with those who, ordinarily careful and prudent, yield to an impulse to spend money foolishly.

They are like the little girl who excused herself by saying "I didn't do it."

Who of us has not occasionally returned from a shopping tour with something conscience reproaches us for buying? We don't need it and we couldn't afford it, but we thought we wanted it at the moment and so we bought it. Or perhaps we really want it very, very much, but had decided to be very economical and deny ourselves. But there it is! Conscience robs us of part of the value and use of money; they have but a crude sense of its power—a sense confined to the knowledge that through it they can gratify their whims.

Is it not highly probable that there is in woman the same seed of an outlet for tendencies and desires long held under that non experience? Men's repressed enthusiasms, their inherent boyishness, their bent at political conventions, ball games, races, Board of Commerce excursions, and sometimes in far less innocent ways. A woman just goes down town and treats herself to the fearful joy of spending the household allowance for a perfect drama of a hat, then quotes Omar Khayyam:

Indeed, indeed, Repentance is before I leave;
But was I thought when I went?

Since the Titanic disaster the lifeboats on ocean steamships are fully equipped with food and drink, and a small, the disaster industry has been on the increase, having been stimulated by appreciation of the fact that a lifeboat well stocked with provisions makes a most desirable place for ambitious youths who wish to emigrate to America, but lack the price of a ticket.

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